

*John Christian*

September 26, 1967

Dear Dick:

As you indicated in your preceding phone call, your letter of the 22nd was as candid as I have always known you to be.

Let me re-iterate that I've moved my family back to Carmel -- for the duration, so that they might miss whatever pressures that now appear present. Like yourself, I miss my wife and kids, must see them on weekends or whenever. It's going to be a bitch, but a dog's life seems to be my calling anyhow.

I wonder if you saw that glint in my eye last Spring when I first mentioned the WHITWASH subject? Frankly, I had no intention of piling headlong into the matter; my interest, like yours at the time, was purely academic. Then the reading of the second book set my mind afire. And, here I am.

By this time you would have read Garrison's PLAYBOY piece; it should prove to be perhaps the most significant magazine article yet written on the subject; let me point out that Weisberg is, in effect, the architect of the Garrison probe; further, let me tell you point blank that the only way Garrison can lose his case against Shaw would be technical, not evidential. He has ten times the material evidence he needs to convict. Of course, Shaw could meet with an accident, like so many others. You raise an interesting question as to the "political" inherencies involved. This situation is so considerably complex that both the Right and Left are neutralized. Co-responsibility for what has taken place over the last 46 months goes straight to the heart of America's body-politic, each and every one of our substantive institutions, and the entire concept of this democratic republic, or what's left of it. Granted, there are those who would crow that the real culprits behind the assassination are "conservatives"; but this is a corruption of the natural word, for as you know I am a vociferous independent, conservative, republican - SMALL i, SMALL c, and SMALL r!!!! Being from Texas, you are wholly aware of the element down there that make George Lincoln Rockwell's motly group look like pansies; but they have both the money and the moxie to do just exactly what they (by indirection) did. That they mostly call themselves Democrats too is a corruption.

Essentially, I had no intention of conveying to you an invitation to join me inside this sticky bag; yawning obligations/responsibilities (common sense?) prohibit your participation. What I did want was your evaluation of the Prospectus, its scope, and

its place in Weisberg's projected business posture. As stated, he has been such a complete loner that his business/legal affairs are a jungle of thorns, that unless he straightens them out immediately his literary efforts will not only suffer from non-exposure, the sheer weight of financial involvement/obligation will surely swamp him.

My most immediate plans call for him to crawl under the prestigious and protective blanket of this law firm out here; the distance doesn't mean a thing. If there's one thing "they" cannot call O'Gara, McGuire & Nestel it is "irresponsibly radical". I am convinced that Weisberg has several major law suits he can win; preliminarily, so does Counsel.

What I would like to hear from you is whether or not you agree with my concept: That Weisberg would best put his trust, authority, and resources under one roof, that being ALFJE ENG, LIMITED as his Business Management agency; that he has neither the time nor patience nor expertise to tie together the kind of organization that is mandatory to thrust him into the national prominence he needs and deserves; Mark Lane has had this kind of mechanism, which was and is his secret of success. And, the only way I can even attempt to generate the kind of funds required is to entice selected monied quarters with an established cashflow/profit potential picture. (To date, my only actual authorization is for the motion picture/TV rights.)

Time scares the hell out of me; I have several major interested parties here in San Francisco standing by; but you know McGuire -- he won't even let me file the Partnership papers until all the strings are clipped; every day the thing hangs loose, the less the opportunity to be at the right place at the right time. I'm sure you understand the feeling.

My best to the family; let's go get the calcium deposits out of our elbows when next you hit town. (Three weeks?)

Best Personal Regards,

John